

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER"

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The *Banker* affords space for a Mr. W. E. Bates to paint a halo round the money-box. A few years ago, he says, it was a mere tin imitation of a pillar box. Now it is a "portable strong-room." The banks have "taken it clean out of the music-hall comedian's alcoholic accents, and hallowed it into a Home Safe." He calls this a "graceful tribute to a great idea," a manifestation of "idealism." He admits that "coily hidden in the background" is a "touch of practical materialism," without which, however, he declares that "idealism is fundamentally unbusinesslike." But he hastens to point out that the increase of deposits due to petty savings are "accidental and incidental." The primary intention, he asserts, is "to rescue the money-box, and to set it up in its rightful place as a symbol of England's greatness."

"For it is no less. The part that the money box has played in shaping the more recent chapters of our rough island story can hardly be exaggerated."

They have been rough chapters enough, and we would not hastily deny Mr. Bates's diagnosis. But let him proceed:

"It competes with the playing fields of Eton."

We can believe that. It would stop all play if the banks had their way.

"Children once were taught to post their pennies before they were old enough to know they were worth anything, and learnt willingly enough, because they liked to hear them rattle. To-day they own . . . stock. Many, if they could, would rattle their dividends now."

Delightful. That is what has happened to investors generally. They were taught to part with their financial credit before they were old enough to realise what it was they were parting with. The Armstrong's and Vickers' reconstructions have since put them wise—at least it is to be hoped so. All of them, if they could, would joyfully give up their prospects of dividends if only they could "rattle"

their original principal. For every shilling lost by extravagance, pounds have gone through saving.

Describing the old form of money-box, Mr. Bates recalls that it was not too well designed for its purpose.

"Inferior brands of money-box would yield their contents all too easily to a bad small boy with a table-knife. Even the better qualities could hardly resist the blandishments of an even worse boy with a chopper. Distracted parents were constantly brought up against a *fait accompli* in the shape of a money-box with an empty stomach and a mouth twisted into a sarcastic smile. Bad, small boys would defend themselves by advancing the contention that one cannot steal his own money, and mothers would have great difficulty in extricating themselves from the ethical complexities of the situation."

This is not a bad picture of the situation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his Budget money-box which is £37 millions short. The miners have outdone the worst bad boys by hewing out £20 millions in subsidies to the industry; and, as for the rest, it almost appears that the money-box is now so much stronger that the impulse to put money in it has become so much weaker. Mr. Bates concludes with a picture of the small boy's disgust when "Uncle Bob" puts his tip of half-a-crown in one of these Home Safes.

"Its slots are inscribed 'abandon hope.' . . . The home safe is emptied on the bank counter, and Uncle Bob's half-crown, flotsam from his nephew's wrecked hopes, is swept up inexorably in a cash-scoop."

Admirable. Then follows a more serious note, to make the article worthy of the *Banker*:

"At present, small boys are resentful. They simply fail to see the profound advantages of the impounding of Uncle Bob's half-crown in this way. It seems to them callous and brutal. They are too young to realise that *they and the half-crown are part of a system.* [Our italics]."

One last quotation:

"Luckily they do not blame the banks. It would be unfortunate if our youngsters acquired a habit, not of thrift, but of criticising the banks, which the years to come

could not eradicate. There is no danger of that. Their boyish scowls are all for Uncle Bob, on whom their animosity will, let us hope, remain centred." Quite so. And that is the strategy of the banks towards industry—to keep Capital and Labour so engrossed in their mutual animosity that they have no time to enquire what has hit them.

A long time ago we speculated upon the contingency of Mr. Wheatley's having to retire from the Front Opposition Bench. He has now done so. Press rumours say that this is because of disagreements with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald over important questions of policy. This may well be true, for on every big occasion when Mr. Wheatley has spoken in the House he has shown a grasp of the essential problem confronting industry and has dealt with it so frankly and efficiently as to overshadow everybody else. Whether he has any ambition to supplant Mr. MacDonald as leader of the Labour Party, as the *Daily News* suggests, we do not know; but if it happened we should say it would be a change for the better, always assuming that Mr. Wheatley secured the position on his own terms. The *Daily Mail* has called him the "stormy petrel" of politics, while the *Daily News* now refers to him as marching forward "to the revolutionary objective with an unflinching serenity which conveys a real impression of reserve power." The latter journal refers to his "uncompromising attitude" to "official Labour," and says that "many persons who call themselves Labour leaders fear him as much as they dislike him." This is precisely what we should expect to be the impression given to outsiders by an otherwise gifted politician who had patiently studied the credit question from the New Economic angle. Take Mr. Wheatley's so-called revolutionary attitude. When analysed it simply means that he justifies the pressure of the workers for a living wage, and encourages them to ignore the inability of many industries to afford such a wage. To critics who do not hold the key to his philosophy, this appears as evidence of a will-to-revolution. It is nothing of the sort. Mr. Wheatley knows that the demands of the workers can be conceded without injury to the employing interests, and with benefit to consumers generally; moreover, he knows how. He also knows that the financial rulers of this country know how. Lastly, he knows that they look like refusing to apply the remedy unless or until forced to do so by direct action in the industrial field at home, or in the military field abroad. In such circumstances he would be false to his convictions if he preached passive acceptance of things as they are. He rightly leaves that sort of thing to Mr. Snowden and others, who seem to conceive that the Constitution requires them to put barbed-wire entanglements round the prerogatives of the banking interests, and who fail to realise that in doing so they are assisting in establishing an economic blockade on Capital no less than upon Labour.

The Cabinet is said to be divided on the question of giving the vote to women of 21 years of age. It is not worth being divided about. On grounds of equity we approve the enfranchisement of the "flapper." She has just as much right as the boy to ask for what it has been decided to give her. We wish we could believe the old jibe true that the young girl would vote for the best looking and conditioned candidate. We would in that case leave the voting entirely to her. She would at least turn down all those forlorn physical specimens whose hearts "ache for the people," and give us a Parliament of young, adventurous legislators.

The Journal of Commerce has been publishing correspondence about the credit system. In a note in its issue of March 10 the writer stated that "from

inquiry in well-informed sources" he had heard that "a Royal Commission may be advocated before the year is out by an important section of the House of Commons." Two days earlier the same writer has said that

"Agreement is pretty general with the Midland Bank's proposal that an inquiry of a comprehensive kind would, without committing bankers to innovations of a dangerous kind, at least provide opportunity for a general investigation into the methods which control our monetary system."

It looks as if the writer got the above indicated terms of reference also from "well-informed" (i.e. financial) sources. An inquiry restricted to reviewing methods now controlling our monetary system would not only not commit bankers to dangerous innovation, but presumably would rule out discussions of methods which, in the bankers' view, might involve dangerous innovations. We have little doubt that if and when an inquiry is held it will be one of that character. There is one consolation: there might be an opportunity of learning what are the relations of the Bank of England with the Federal Reserve Board.

When the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was being larded with adulation for his "patient," "long-suffering" acquiescence in President Kruger's slow diplomacy just before the Boer War, he was not really waiting for the President to propose an acceptable compromise on the subject of the Uitlanders; for he knew that there could be no compromise. He was using the time to fix up terms with European Chancelleries not to raise awkward problems while Britain was wiping up the Boers. Meanwhile he was sending draft after draft of soldiers out to the Cape. When ready himself, he issued an ultimatum—which Kruger had to answer with rifles. Similarly to-day with China. Britain's seeming reluctance to take strong measures against the Chinese is partly due to the fact that she is not ready yet, and partly because she wants to make sure that her rivals, America, Japan, and France, will not trap her into doing the job alone, and thus becoming a lightning-conductor for Chinese economic reprisals after "order had been restored." News published recently in the London Press is insisting on the alleged fact that Chinese agitators are now bringing America within the area of their anti-foreign propaganda. (Many of these "agitators," by the way, are Chinese engineers trained in the United States). The suggestion that reparations are to be jointly demanded of China by the Powers for the Nanking disorders is *prima facie* evidence of the Powers' distrust of each other. Whether, or redeem herself, China is to cut off a few heads, or whether she is to owe the Powers some more money, has not been announced yet. Another question is whether there will be a time-limit to the demand for redress. In the meantime, Britain, whose interests are suffering more than those of the other Powers, is under more urgent compulsion to adopt shock methods. The others can afford to wait a bit, and are probably raising excuses for not signing virtual ultimatums.

The curtailment of the "Notes" this week is occasioned by the indisposition of the Editor.

#### PRESS EXTRACTS.

"Banking must be one of the very few branches of our industry which can, when it looks back over 1926, find little or nothing to grumble at. . . . It may be supposed, in view of the industrial dislocation, that the provision made for bad debts may be higher than in preceding years, but as the banks do not usually disclose the amount of their appropriations for bad debts, that must remain mere conjecture. It seems improbable, however, that net profits will fall much below the high level of 1925, and they may even exceed it."

Manchester Guardian, Dec. 28, 1926.

## Work, Leisure and Creative Energy.

We have published all the letters received in response to our recent invitation. Apparently the subject has not been particularly tempting to the controversialist section of our readers. We will state our own views shortly.

We challenge the assumption that the mass of workers is itching for industrial service to be made less monotonous. Provided the pay is satisfactory there will always be a sufficient number of people to perform the monotonous functions which modern industry requires. Moreover, apart from remuneration, there is a type of worker who *demand*s "monotony"—and it is a more widely prevalent type than is commonly allowed for. Nor is it a "Robot" type. It is often one which wishes to save its cerebral energy for objects of its own after its work is done. But whatever the motivation, the principle is the same, namely that monotony saves energy. The only question is whether there is, or can be, an outlet for this energy elsewhere than inside the industrial system. The answer is that a shorter working day will provide that outlet where it does not now exist. But longer leisure will not by itself meet the case. People must have money to spend while following the pursuits they choose in their spare time.

An analysis of modern industrialism will show that it cannot cater for the creative impulse at the bottom, but only among the engineers, chemists and organisers at the top. If everybody at the bottom did his job just how the spirit moved him, industry would slow down to the point of collapse. When the conditions of efficient industrial service are repugnant to a certain type of worker, he ought to be able to walk out without committing economic suicide. So long as such a man is forced to work in industry on pain of physical starvation he is not unreasonable in demanding of industry a task that will feed his soul. But not otherwise. He cannot say, "I must express my individuality; and I insist on doing so inside your organisation," if full opportunity exists for the exercise of his creative energy outside. Such an opportunity will be afforded him under a Social Credit régime.

While it is true that organised industry is manufacturing by mass methods many things which lend themselves better to construction by the craftsman, it is not true of industrial production as a whole, most of which is best made that way from the point of view of the whole body of consumers. Consumers can't live on the individual craftsman's "pride of achievement" alone: rapidity of output and other factors have to be taken into consideration as well.

It is admitted that the taste of consumers is uneducated in many respects: they will put up with or be satisfied with things that give aesthetes cold shivers. But the remedy is not to attempt to permeate industrial processes with "highbrowism," but for the highbrows to compete with industry in finished products.

Social Credit will enable them to do this. Suppose that everybody in this country who had creative ideas about, for instance, furniture, were given the opportunity of staying outside industry without sacrificing his means of life, and could thus spend his whole time on fashioning wood to his heart's desire. These people would first furnish their own homes. They would then invite their neighbours to call on them. From that point the education of the consumer would begin. "Oh, I

wish you would make me a chair just like that!" And from that point a growing volume of home-craft products would begin to supplant the industrial article.

The mistake made by most critics is to confuse leisure with loafing. It is not *leisure*, but *penurious leisure*, that makes the loafer. Man is an incorrigible producer. He needs only access to materials, and time to exert his art and skill on them, and he will fashion things in his home as industriously as he now functions inside the factory. A sound financial system which releases a million or so workers from service to industry, and provides them with incomes just the same, will not turn them into non-workers; it will simply change the character of the work they do. While what we may roughly describe as *professional* industry will continue to use loan-credit and provide monotonous tasks for restless individuals, there will grow up outside a multiplicity of *amateur* industries using surplus consumer-credit and providing creative tasks for restless individuals.

Under a Social Credit régime the competition of the amateurs will not be opposed by the professionals, but rather encouraged; for whatever work organised industry will lose by reason of consumers' diversion of demand to independent creative producers, there will be no corresponding impoverishment of industrial workers, whose remuneration will then be measured by the total volume of production, and not, as now, solely on the term or intensity of their effort. In fact, an early phenomenon of the New Economic era will undoubtedly be a large and continuously growing *retail trade in raw or semi-manufactured materials* between the mass producers and the *manufacturing consumers*—which is what the creative amateurs really are. It will content industry as much to sell a man the materials to make a chair, or even to build a house, as it will to sell him the chair or the house.

Thus, by its own volition, industry will gradually withdraw from those fields of enterprise which more properly belong to the creative artist—using this term in its widest possible connotation. Upon which the machino-phobia manifested in various degrees by Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Penty, and others may be expected to disappear. To-day, standardisation stifles creation: to-morrow it will minister to it. There are even now practically no individuals so bitten with the creative spirit as to desire to perform every function embodied in their final creation. Sculptors do not feel called upon to go and quarry their marble: in fact, if Vernon Blake is to be believed, these gentry go so far as to get stone-masons to rough-hew their figures before they shape them! Render tribute unto the machine for the things that are the machine's and unto Man for the things that are Man's: this is surely the sane and practical philosophy of the future.

Lastly, the extent to which these developments will take place is a matter of guesswork. It depends upon two factors: (1) How many workers have the creative impulse so developed as to wish to escape the discipline of organised production; (2) How far the community will recognise the superiority of man-made over machine-made production and will desire to have it. We offer no estimates, for there is no necessity. We content ourselves with the belief that human individuality is so multitudinally differentiated that there can be no necessary social task but someone will choose it for his own.

#### MAJOR DOUGLAS'S LIVERPOOL ADDRESS.

Copies of this address, "The Engineering of Distribution," are now available, and can be obtained of the Credit Research Library, 70 High Holborn, W.C.1. Single copies, 6d. Postage, 1d.

## Rural Salvation?

(Lawyer Nelson and Bernard Gilbert.)

NELSON: Hullo, Gilbert, I wanted to talk to you. Come into the County Club and sit down.

GILBERT: What about?

NELSON: About your *Conversations* with Sir Edmund Tunny and John Bagg that I read in some paper. Between them they seemed to have you in a cleft stick.

GILBERT: What have you to say about it?

NELSON: Your two friends took you to the heart of the rural problem, but didn't throw much light, or give much hope.

GILBERT: Why should they: if there is neither light nor hope?

NELSON: There is both; and I will tell you about it. You see, I am interested—

GILBERT: All country lawyers are interested in land questions. They live by them. They are obdurate obstructionists.

NELSON: Never mind those rural lawyers.

GILBERT: Aren't you one?

NELSON: Before I set up in practice, in this district of Bly, I spent six years in America and a couple in Germany . . . and saw a light.

GILBERT: Show me that light.

NELSON: Since I bought out old Seebohm White I have helped to turn several landed estates into limited private companies.

GILBERT: What's the idea of that?

NELSON: To escape the unfair discrimination of taxes. Before the war our great landowners got between one and two per cent. net income from their property; but the added cost of repairs and maintenance *and* the supertax have snatched that small income from them. I think I am right if I say that nowadays no man can own a rural estate unless he has other private means, commensurate with the size of his holding. As the Marquis has gone, I can tell you (I'm not their lawyer) that the enormous Cowsley estate—something like half the Wolds—with a quarter of a million invested in outside securities—brought in a net loss of eight or nine thousand a year!

GILBERT: Impossible!

NELSON: That was the average loss between 1910 and 1917. Without the outside money, the loss would have been terrific! I tell you, there is nothing now in owning English land but worry, abuse, and bankruptcy.

GILBERT: Dear me! I hadn't realised that things moved so swiftly.

NELSON: You may well take a careful note of our district, because, inside thirty years—perhaps inside twenty—Saul Gorman says so—

GILBERT: Saul is a sound man!

NELSON: Inside twenty or thirty years, at the outside, all will be gone.

GILBERT: The old families: the old estates?

NELSON: The old system of landowners holding great estates with tenant-farmers under them, living in their seats; knowing nothing of agriculture; leaving all the business to underlings.

GILBERT: And would you propose to save that system?

NELSON: It can't be saved!

GILBERT: How could it?

NELSON: Nor should it be saved. It may have been all right under a purely agricultural eighteenth-century England; but it is out of date now and a positive weakness. As Bagg told you, it has ruined owner, farmer, and worker, and must go.

GILBERT: What, then, is it that you are doing?

NELSON: The schemes on which I am at work make it possible for the old owners to exist, still, in the country, in their old houses; under conditions which would ensure prosperity for them and their workers and helpers.

GILBERT: Isn't that what the Mullens are doing?

NELSON: The contrary! They bring urban industrial methods into our countryside and will ruin all that remains worthy. That's why Gorman has left them.

GILBERT: I wanted to ask you about that and—

NELSON: Not now. It would take too long. Nor must we discuss the Mullen Estates, Ltd.

GILBERT: Very well. Continue.

NELSON: Our owners have no fair play. Not merely are they assessed for Income Tax on gross rental (which is bad enough), but they are assessed for the crushing supertax on the same basis. No certain deductions are allowed. The late Marquis of Cowsley had a nett loss, as I said, and paid many thousands a year in taxes, to boot. That tax was met from his private means.

GILBERT: Which hardly seems right.

NELSON: Turning our estates into private companies affords the owner and his family and heirs the protection given to urban capitalists. No more.

GILBERT: But I don't see how that will save the old system.

NELSON: It wouldn't! The developments I am speaking about are along the lines that your old friend Christopher Harbord tried at Pantacks.

GILBERT: I know about that. He said he was making money.

NELSON: On a small scale, of course. He will gradually extend. But it wants doing on a grand scale, and I am getting Lady Marshfellowton—

GILBERT: That affair gave me a shock. It was a great mystery.

NELSON: No one seems able to offer any explanations: least of all her Ladyship. The fellow had everything he could want.

GILBERT: I must ask that old doctor about it.

NELSON: She has got Evelyn Wincey back from Fletton, and with him I am working out a scheme for them to farm all Marshfellowtown as one.

GILBERT: The deuce you are!

NELSON: Obviously. Harbord has shown us what can be done on the right lines. He has nearly a thousand acres of that rich fen soil, and is, I believe, getting a couple of thousand a year clear profit, after paying all charges and interest on his capital, and the customary rent.

GILBERT: Which is more than old Harbord got from the lot.

NELSON: There are about five thousand acres of the best soil in England in Marshfellowton parish and—

GILBERT: The sitting tenants?

NELSON: There's the hitch! But Lady M. has lived in the United States and is tough-minded; and has the boy to plan for. As Wincey says, the economy of farming on that scale would be enormous. They would scrap all the existing buildings.

GILBERT: What on earth for?

NELSON: They're uneconomic and wrongly placed, Hides says—

GILBERT: Is that Bannister Hides of Fletton?

NELSON: He has a farm in Marshfellowton as well, you remember? He is to be our Agricultural Director. Many times he has suggested such a scheme to the Cootes, without success.

GILBERT: I remember his saying that. I didn't see how it could be done in Fletton.

NELSON: All machinery and plant will be centralised, with sub-stations where necessary. It will be run like the Mullen Estates, as a great business, but—

GILBERT: Yes: what's the difference?

NELSON: Mullen Estates, Ltd., is a public company, working solely for dividends (or capital accretion), like any urban industry, without the least attention or care for rural interests. Marshfellowton Estates will be run in the same way: no, I mean with the same intention and purpose, as the old

feudal estates. Every labourer will not only have a good cottage and a proper living wage, but a substantial share in the profits.

GILBERT: Oho!

NELSON: And therefore—

GILBERT: Therefore he will work with his brain as well as his hands. That's an idea! Every labourer will be a farmer!

NELSON: As Hides says, why let good men waste their energy and initiative on five or fifteen acres when they might be helping to farm five thousand? We can afford them just as much return as they would get for themselves on their little plots.

GILBERT: There's an idea in that! It would combine the advantages of both the feudal and industrial eras.

NELSON: As John Bagg pointed out, the essential weakness of the old position was the attitude of the Owner to the Worker. That system couldn't last. It had no right to last.

GILBERT: Agreed.

NELSON: It was unethical, uneconomic, ruinous to all concerned, and properly doomed. Lady M. is inclined to the experiment almost entirely on this ethical ground—

GILBERT: That's a weakness! The Yankees are too idealistic.

NELSON: But under proper direction?

GILBERT: An old fox!

NELSON: Young Coote also infected her. She can't and won't stand for the condition of the worker. No doubt America did that. She is a fine woman, Gilbert!

GILBERT: Although Bagg had me in a corner, there were things I couldn't say to him because I felt he would never appreciate what I was after. I was sorrowful to anticipate the smashing up of the communal life of the District of Bly. It stands for something. There is no substitute. At least there is none visible to me.

NELSON: It's the last corner. But this scheme may be a means of preserving it, or guiding it into new channels, as a beneficial compromise with the movements of the age.

GILBERT: That difficulty of getting rid of the ancient tenantry seems a real obstacle. The sentiment is part of the old theme.

NELSON: It IS difficult and does prevent the general adoption of this scheme (other obstacles apart). But it's only a passing difficulty after all; and you can take in the good tenants with you.

GILBERT: I don't envy anyone the job of uprooting Edmund Chadwick from his Manor.

NELSON: Providence has done that for us.

GILBERT: Alas! he was one of the old sort.

NELSON: Like the late—no, I mean the old Lord Marshfellowton, whom he so mourned. No. The real obstacles, the permanent ones, are that it requires someone with practical business ability.

GILBERT: Which you can hardly expect to find in a high proportion amongst the present owners of rural estates?

NELSON: Their training is all in the other direction; but necessity is a hard mistress; and we shall see what the younger generation looks like.

GILBERT: It will be a most interesting experiment.

NELSON: As Hides says, they have the hungry city of Barkston not thirty miles away; and with organised motor-transport taking everything that's for sale right to the consumer and bringing back from that port everything that they want on the farms, they will cut out an army of intermediaries. The centralisation of machinery and plant will effect many savings of labour and money. But I mustn't go into details now.

GILBERT: No; for I must leave you. I'll contrive to have a chat with Bannister Hides, though.

NELSON: You grasp the essentials of the idea?

GILBERT: The hope of the future is that no man shall own land unless he tills it!

NELSON: Not till it unless he owns it!

GILBERT: You will approach the Danish and Swedish examples.

NELSON: We should rejuvenate English agriculture and perpetuate the life of the countryside. We should remove that blot—

GILBERT: Which of them?

NELSON: Our neglect of the best workers in the nation. We should feed our cities instead of importing three-quarters.

GILBERT: I see what it is, my dear Nelson: you're a Reformer and an enthusiast.

NELSON: All reformers are enthusiasts.

GILBERT: —and I tremble for you.

NELSON: Remember Bannister Hides and Evelyn Wincey and the working partners!

GILBERT: Your sheet-anchors!

## Verse.

### AND AT THAT HOUR.

And at that hour the world stood still.  
I heard a bird sing, saw a tree,  
Felt the hot sun, and knew that people passed,  
Yet my soul was not upon the earth.  
Beyond the limit of all space I went,  
And at that timeless moment knew that I belonged  
to all Eternity,  
There moving, singing, being fed and clothed.  
And in that stillness once again I saw the tree,  
Felt the hot sun, and knew that people passed,  
And slowly I came back into the world.

MARY EVANS.

### ON AN INDIAN EPIGRAM.

As two stray branches, in an ocean drifting,  
Touching, till alien leaves and flowers enlase,  
Are sundered, sent by winds and waters shifting  
Back to the loneliness of endless space:  
So, love, touch we, on life's wide ocean moving,  
Speak, with such silence after as before,  
So shall we drift apart, be loosed from loving  
Even so, meet no more.

P. A. M.

### CHARLESTON.

Now the saxophones' chattering, spattering  
Brazen laughter and banjos' clattering  
Under the nimble fingers are witching  
The young girls' calves setting itching, twitching  
From heel to thigh, setting haunches wagging,  
Silk knees knocking, rocking, sagging . . .  
Thicker the saxophones' searing, racking  
Asthma, louder the chuckling, clacking  
Diabolical laughter grows still—  
Outward heels and inward toes till  
Every smooth pink leg is kicking,  
Flank quaking, shank shaking, sleek calf flick-  
ing . . .  
While tall dark men in their starched regalia  
Join in the negroid Saturnalia,  
Black legs flapping against pink to the tweaking  
Of banjos and saxophones' lost-soul-shrieking—  
Till suddenly like water disappearing when the plug  
Is drawn the music ebbs away and vanishes glug-  
gug;  
And the couples (bubbles burst) relapse from tom-  
tom jubilation  
Into tit-for-tat back-chat and flat conversation.

A. S. J. TESSIMOND.

## The Unconscious Goal in History.

By Philippe Mairet.

I.

Whoever attempts to fathom the meaning of History is faced at the outset by the necessity of answering a certain question. He is confronted by the identical dilemma which guards, like a Cerberus, the entry into the study of organic life.

Have we to do with dead causality, the sport of atoms and individuals collaborating only by chance? Or is there a single plan and governing intelligence?

In the conception of Nature's organism, a man may have decided in favour of design; and yet be deterred from believing that History is overruled by intelligence, because of the belief in the personal freedom of men.

This claim for freedom of the will, however, is impossible to allow, except in the sense in which Kant so magnificently argued it when he advocated freedom in the *intelligible character* of things; in how we understand them. That, if it is a reality, is a supersensible one. But no particular act of the will can be separated from its conditions. It comes under the law of causality which brings it as near to absolute necessity as an infinite amount is near to infinite quantity, or as close as the conception of endless time is to that of eternity. The fact that we have, nevertheless, a continual illusion of practical freedom, has been so well explained by Schopenhauer that there is really nothing further to be said about it.

However, it is possible to believe that human history is a progress to a purposed goal, and also to believe that this is the work of man's own freedom; upon one wild and hazardous supposition. That is, to suppose that each individual who takes effective part in the historic movement, does so in full consciousness of what he will do next, and knowledge of all the results of his action. In that case only, the drama of History might be created by the free co-operation of actors who knew the end of the fifth act before their entry into the first.

That glorious but all-too-lofty conception of History must be left to the believers in the empirical freedom of Will. We, who live in an age of supreme psychological revelations, are forced to attempt a quite different interpretation of historic evolution. The work of our psychologists, especially of Adler, dictates to us the idea that History is made by our progress towards a goal, which is hidden in the Unconscious of the race. I say of Adler especially, not that his contribution is greater, but because his conception of individual life-history is unified by its particular *life-goal*, focusses all the achievements of psycho-analysis into a light which bears directly upon the understanding of History.

During the last two centuries especially, it is true, we have seen the human race awakening to the ideal possibility of accomplishing, *in full consciousness*, its appointed destiny. That increasing consciousness itself is undoubtedly part of the destiny. But we have to account for the fact that those individuals who work consciously for the communal life and progress are negligibly few. Individuals live ruthlessly for their own ends; yet, in spite of this, they do further the communal aim. Willing the evil, they nevertheless work for the good. Their innumerable selfish aims are discredited and mutually cancelled out; but something emerges which we hail as good, although we did not will it. That is the wonder of History.

It is not diminished by the records of centuries or even ages of retrogression. These backward periods only broke up the outworn mechanisms of society to replace them by systems new and more perfect. They were like the corruption of vegetation in fallow fields, the very condition of a richer increase.

Such are the facts, which we cannot deny, if we embrace the entire historic vista, unlimited by

attachment to any particular branch of human evolution, which we may personally prefer, unbiassed by our particular intellectual hopes and fears of civilisation. And, in such a view, we are able to see History as a process inspired by Unconscious Ideas, the work of History as the bringing of those Ideas into consciousness.

A special phase of the Idea is realised in each period of history, generally through an instinctive impulse working in large masses of people. It moves them to migrations, wars, revolutions, crusades; and the imagined purposes of these things are nearly always remotely different from the function they actually serve in human evolution and history.

Nothing, for instance, has stimulated human culture and progress more than the mixture of different national civilisations; and these prolific unions have generally, in the past, happened through expeditions of conquest. In the careers of Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet and Napoleon we see, not only the restlessness of the masses, but also the ambition of great individuals, made by History into means for ends far greater than themselves. The purposes for which they covered the earth with corpses are frustrated, most fortunately, but they were the fools and the tools, through which the Unconscious brought about blessings they never designed nor dreamed of.

Even with such instruments as men of distinction or genius, the Unconscious often brings forth results they were far from conceiving. Genius, however, does know what is the crucial problem of its time, and works at it. This is the only possible explanation of the fact that Genius is the greatest calamity that can befall an individual, excepting only lunacy or crime. Even when their outward circumstances are benignant, men of genius are afflicted with tragedy by their knowledge of the irremediable evils of existence.

However, they are not here for their own sake. They exist for humanity, and to carry out the Unconscious destiny of humanity, whether they feel miserable, or even perish in the work. They come always in the nick of time; and the right man is never lacking at the right time. Occasionally, it is true, the cry is raised that men are wanting for certain urgent tasks: but this invariably appears, to a later understanding, as a mistake in the *statement* of these problems. An age may mistake its problem; or a human goal may be proposed which does not (at that time) lie anywhere within the plan of history.

It is quite certain, for example, that a genius will not appear to regenerate the life and fabric of a decadent State, which has already done its work and given its idea to the world, however vociferously he may be called for. To demand that is simply to state the vital question of the age in an absolutely wrong sense. The revival of a certain art, or the answer to a certain question raised by Science, may be also impossible at a given time. Impossible, in this relation, means not expedient to the realisation of the Unconscious Idea which is coming into consciousness in that phase of History.

### FAREWELL.

By D. R. Guttery.

Sweet were the golden trumpets' notes,  
The dance, the merry din  
That took our willing ears to tell  
Love's coming in.

Yet not less sweet the droning fife,  
The organ-notes' sad swell  
That sang, when love had had his way.  
This love's farewell.

## "To Be a Lover of Life."\*

By Ada Beil (Berlin).

This saying of Nietzsche appears in strange contradiction with the fact that this same man, driven to creative work by "homelessness and longing," as "wanderer and adventurer," as "fool and dabbler in life," as "invalid and ascetic," tried in his Titanic mood to shatter the world, since his enemy was all life that manifested itself not as aristocracy but as mob. Few can have equalled him in finding words so hot, springing from deepest desire for the liberation of humanity. And yet his ideas of the "superman," who could (he believed) be created only by selection from the organically strong and ruthless, have been shown by the developments in modern biology, sociology, and individual psychology, to be a "fictive directrix."

What interests us first of all is the question: Is it in any way possible to trace the contradictions in Nietzsche back to a uniform line of approach? From his work—full of contradictions—can we nevertheless grasp the meaning of these contradictions as a necessary factor of his formative possibilities? In the first place the form of presentation appears to us significant. On the one hand it was aphoristic, on the other there was a freedom from technical terminology hitherto unknown in philosophy. This, against the will of its author, made a way for it among the people he so deeply despised, and imagined himself bound to despise.

The aphoristic presentation betrays to the psychologist the inward uncertainty of one who is seeking, but only dimly feels the new way. Further, the frequent figures of speech are a sign of evasion of not yet clearly formed *new* orientations, whereof nevertheless he was most emphatically the pioneer. His contempt and bitterness towards the vulgar are a confusion of symptoms with real life. For he sought the impossible: the perfect world.

In view of this we ask ourselves what is the deepest meaning of all mental analysis, and does this process admit of a final formulation? From our standpoint all mental work serves:—

1. For orientation in face of the apparent chaos;
2. For security in face of existence;
3. For new orientation in the continuous process of life.

Each of us always stands somewhere in this world; each must as individual keep his individual place, and at the same time as portion of humanity carry the development of humanity further. This state of strain in each of us does not arise from the opposition of personal impulses, but is connected with the tension between individual and sociological fate—because only as associated being can man build up culture; and as a fact of life this tension represents a life problem to be solved by each of us.

For orientation, man developed the Psyche as organ of security; with it, as means to the end, thinking. To give a brief, convenient expression to the abundance of what thought perceives, the Psyche worked out logical, scientific thinking. To investigate the perceptible according to the rules of logic, is science. The over-estimation of logic—i.e., the confusion of logic as an aid to thinking with "real thinking," which seeks by means of logic to represent the multiplicity of life as motion—led to intellectualising, which in pedagogy found its expression in the learning-school, and this in its one-sidedness, it is our business to bring to its grave. Intimately linked with these phenomena is the

\* Translated from the Internationale Zeitschrift für Individualpsychologie.

rigidity and uncertainty of science, and to some extent of its representatives. It was, precisely, rigid forms that Nietzsche, who did not wish to fall a victim to them, assailed, without being able to establish the *last* connections, because his task was to formulate the *first*, so that the tension between individual and sociological existence might find expression. He was the pioneer of thesis and anti-thesis in order to set before later generations the direction and the task of the synthesis. What does Nietzsche mean for this new development, to what extent did he clear rubbish away. Nietzsche's theory of development required the Superman, and misled him to seeing in differentiation the whole biological process. It was reserved to later generations to show that unheard-of exaggeration in the differentiation process, without the process of centralisation, necessarily leads to the destruction of the individual. Accordingly Nietzsche overlooked the development of the "corrective capacities" (Alfred Adler). As centralised expression of these, the Psyche has since the beginning of man established itself deep in the organism. Fitting and straining are means of these corrective capacities. And he was of necessity compelled to overlook all this because his whole time was taken up with a predestined way of viewing its sociological point within the immense development of mankind.

Nietzsche wished to form the mentally noble by selection of the physically strongest, and did not know, for example, that the brain has not anatomically altered in essentials since the human race began (1); that coarseness and superstition in the brain of the savage, and good breeding and science in the thinking of cultivated man, depend not on differentiated organisms, but on the accumulation of knowledge, i.e., on the *content* of the ideas. Moreover, Nietzsche desired the *Bellum omnium contra omnes*, the war of all against all, because he did not see that destruction is never construction itself, but only *preparation* for construction. He had as yet no notion that language and work are possible only among *associated* men, only with the co-operation of *all*. Of necessity he confused the zoological-causal view of his time with the sociological new orientation which had already begun. There lay the tragic error of his own sociological fate, the tribute which somehow or other each one of us has to pay; there lay the tension which it was the task of his ego to relieve.

But what, then, considered from these standpoints, was his chief merit? While he still confused great main lines of development, he solved the first individual links of the long chain of difficulties. We are indebted to him, the acute philosopher, for splitting into their true meanings words which had more or less ceased to be unequivocal, showing that in them lie processes of development which, in consequence of the imperfection of the possibilities of human expression, we had forgotten or overlooked, which had not yet entered into our consciousness, because hitherto we had not sufficiently suffered from their difficulties. In spite of Kant, the general consciousness had mostly taken words as some form of realities, or at least assumed that each had one meaning only. Nietzsche broke up the word morality into master-morality and slave-morality; sympathy into passive and active sympathy; love into love of one's neighbour and love of those farthest off; life into will to power and will to appearance. Thus he opened up a view of things which through and with the results of the "as-if-philosophy" leads directly to the views of individual psychology upon the importance of fictions in life and in neurosis.

All centralising ideas which we are accustomed to denote with words that are high-sounding common-

(1) This applies to the gross anatomy of the brain, not to the very important "associative fibres," which are visible only under the microscope. [Tr.]

places represent safeguards on the path of development of mankind, and these ideas can be overcome only when mankind no longer needs them. And it no longer needs these safeguards when not only isolated individuals step out of the new way, but when the overwhelming majority can follow. Yet people still speak, as if it were matter of course, of "the folly of the masses."

Humanity as a whole behaves like an individual in an analysis conducted by individual psychology. He asks for advice and receives no answer, because that would mean taking away from him his own task, his own responsibility, making him uncertain and anxious. Nevertheless, the way is shown (the way which he must take independently) by making clear for him the associations. But if he does receive an answer to his inquiry for advice, the answer is essentially only a rhetorical one, because he himself is able to give the answer. In itself, the answer has become superfluous. So it is with the rules of the game which mankind provides for itself in its system of relationships, Man-World. If these were originally rules for the relation Man-Family, they grew in the course of development till they applied to Man-World, and now, slowly beginning to become general, they are being extended to Man-Cosmos. Knowledge of these things throws light on the deepest source of so-called ingratitude, which has ever been such a subject of complaint among mankind.

If a person—as his life-experience shows—can attain his personal unity only by allowing sociological tasks to outweigh individual tasks, he will have, like everyone else, to pay the price. The North Pole explorer, who serves humanity and progress by his work, but must put his *whole* life into it, must forgo a family life. For no one gets anything for nothing in this world. The artist who strives to apprehend new rules of the game in a form which becomes visible and comprehensible to the masses because in a work of art he brings them to a complete unity, which attains greatness and immortality only if something of the indestructible content of the community-consciousness is included in it (that consciousness which in art must appear in some form as reconciling harmony, however temporarily, unconsciously and fragmentarily) must have the courage to defend his new orientation. He will never come to ruin on this, though few may follow him.

He who must lead the multitude into new ways, because that is his task, because progress does not consist in knowledge gained by the *few*, but in its dissemination among the *many*, must above all never forget how great among all beings is the fear of unknown territory. One by one they follow, holding back and groping their way. The struggle for a leader is merely a sign of deficient self-confidence. When the worker in this direction is not serving the work, but striving in vanity to bring his person to the front, he must shipwreck on the immanent law of human life in society; for now the "lack of comprehension of the multitude" (which can only be understood psychologically) becomes the tragedy of his individual life. Nietzsche was subject to this temptation; or, rather, he had not mastered it. The task which he set himself was—viewed sociologically—yet too difficult, and as the task of a *lifetime*, soluble only with the methods of thought of individual psychology. Nevertheless it was not necessary that this task should bring Nietzsche to disaster. At the moment when it happened his life-plan went astray.

But Nietzsche's great merit—to have made clear in the artistic consciousness the points where the coming tasks must be attacked—was only possible for him because he was deeply indebted to the community-feeling; because he was at times able to refrain from convulsions; because he said in all earnestness "Only who is changing is akin to me"; because he himself was "a lover of life."

## Drama.

### "Bert's Girl": Court.

Before the performance of "Bert's Girl" had lasted a minute I sat up and took notice. I acknowledge that the atmosphere of provincialism could be felt all the time the Birmingham Repertory Players were on the stage, in that every member of the cast, according to London standards, was guilty of over-acting. But London standards are those of an imaginary drawing-room in Dover Street, whereas this play was in Fulham. Actually it was not. The Walters family do not live in London; they live just outside the frontiers of the best residential neighbourhood in any provincial town, and they pretend to be inside, not in Chelsea. They also pretend to be middle-class, but although the author herself apparently regards them as middle-class—very lower-middle class—they are really clerk and typist class.

Against the charge of over-acting I defend these players; for this robust, full-blooded, team-work, in comedy with real people in it, in comedy to compare with the Irish, I am grateful. In the theatre as outside what lives is preferable to what is only refined. I congratulate Elizabeth Baker on getting some real men into her play, at the same time expressing my sorrow that she so detests them. The play is really eugenic propaganda, but the drama survives the handicap. Its third act was tense enough for anybody, and the only brief lulls were in the first and fourth.

The Walters live downstairs, and Uncle Martin, the aesthete and eugenicist, upstairs. That, as well as Uncle Martin's fabulous wealth, both betray the author's bias and puts the aesthete's victims in his pocket. He can say what he likes. In the family's opinion he is bad-tempered enough for a criminal, and eccentric enough for a lunatic. He converses, with pieces of Greek sculpture for audience, contemptuously of the modern man—and particularly of Bert. When Bert's girl arrives, shy and delicate, among Bert's rough family, Uncle Martin falls to her classic beauty, and works in secret to break the match between her beauty and Bert's vulgarity. He said Bert's ugliness, but Bert's only offence that I could see was a poor chance in life compensated by vulgar self-confidence. This play ought to shock somebody, and if it doesn't succeed commercially the cause will be that it shocks somebody too hard. Bert being made obscenely drunk by Uncle Martin to make Stella abhor him was Satanic portraiture. It was offensively and gruesomely real!

With the Walters family the actors lend malice to the author. Minnie Rayner's comic and true Mrs. Walters, coarse as it was, may be laughed at by the younger generation, but the children, Henry Caine's fine Bert, Nadine March's Iris, and A. J. Denton's Basil, must all be sitting in the theatre watching themselves guyed. Mrs. Tatt was a superfluity over-emphasising the author's hatred. This part was simply the well-worn type of the garrulous kind-heart, with sympathy for everybody, because she never knows what we shall come to ourselves. She ought to be deleted from the play. Nadine March's Iris was too good for the stage. She spoiled it, in other words, by fidgeting into the audience's attention when it should have been directed elsewhere. Otherwise she was first-class caricature.

Uncle Martin's propaganda, which Julian d'Albie did excellently, required his fanaticism because of its error. Propaganda in abstractions is a trap for the insincere. While Martin Trent kept to concrete metaphors and illustrations, Hippomenes and Atalantas, he convinced. But beauty in the abstract, like humanity in the abstract, is all my eye and Uncle

Martin. Goddesses, according to Martin, must be allowed to mate only with gods, to bear, presumably, super-gods. He had forgotten that giants were the offspring of the sons of the gods, and the daughters of men. Martin himself, the one custodian of beauty in the play, confessed to a consumptive mother and an epileptic father. Lovely Stella, rendered with a sure hand by the producer and Dorothy Black, was herself frail and unworldly, so that she could fall in love with beauty instead of with some animal of a man.

Selective propagation of beauty may be eugenics but it is not life. The healthy people in the play, those likely to have children capable of running races, or winning prize-fights, either for a woman or a drink, were Bert and his family. Damn their vulgarity if you cannot stand it, but they are the sort that breeds magnificent infantry. If the author had been a soldier, and thus graduated in the costing department of civilisation, she would have changed her mind about Bert. When Stella became engaged to this jovial fellow, who sang a comic song to end a quarrel he was not in, and said good evening to Stella at Margate instinct blundered. Stella was too fragile for mothering boys, a job for which vulgar Mrs. Walters—although people her weight mainly bear girls—was more fit. The eugenicist's calculations can be corrected if they go wrong, but a blunder of instinct is a tragedy. It was Nature that produced ugly Uncle Martin and his art-collection. Beauty of soul is sought by those denied the gift of beauty of body, which commands without effort, often to the utter wreck of progress.

### Triple Bill: The Playroom Six.

When I visit the Playroom Six I feel to be at a family party rather than at a theatre; and when people engaged in little theatre projects complain about their limited resources or sigh for the three acre stage on which they could have real cows, I answer: Go see the Playroom Six. Those who go come back astonished. If the object of going to a theatre is to be in the social swim, and to be able to say "how wonderful" and "perfectly thrilling" at the right moment, by all means stick to revue. If the object is to get satisfaction from what dramatists have done, the Playroom is entitled to its place as a nursery. All I ask besides is that you take imagination with you, otherwise the enjoyment is not for you.

Until April 10 the Playroom is producing three one-act plays, which provide a more filling entertainment than most attempts at a triple bill. The order of the plays is well chosen. "The Jest of Hahalaba," by Lord Dunsany, produced by Mr. H. R. Barbor, opens. Sir Arthur Strangways, having produced an alchemist, insists, in defiance of advice, on calling up the spirit of laughter, and for his one wish obtains a file of *The Times* for the year just beginning. Excitedly following the Stock Exchange prices and racing results, he piles up his millions. Then he is caught by names of his friends among the obituaries, his sympathy ending suddenly at the notice of his own—on that very first day of the year. He dies forthwith of heart failure; and the curtain falls on his butler throwing his notes of future prices into the grate, and telephoning another obituary to *The Times*.

Lord Dunsany's spirit of laughter is only the spirit of mockery. For the rest of the show the Playroom corrects him. Ben Greet's production of "Box and Cox," by John Maddison Morton, follows, and a delightful harlequinade, Evreinov's "A Merry Death," in which nearly every phrase has two meanings—one naive, and the other psychological—completes a good bill.

PAUL BANKS.

## Music.

### Queen's Hall Orchestra.

The approaching disbanding of the Queen's Hall Orchestra gives rise to some bitter reflections. Various reasons have been put forward by those anxious to exculpate the public at all costs. Lord Wittenham pleads financial stringency. Mr. Boosey declares broadcasting as the cause. While freely admitting that the monstrous system of legal robbery called income tax has brought it about that music lovers of wealth who once acted as subsidisers are now no longer able to do so, I cannot admit that financial stringency is the real cause of this calamity. At a conservative estimate there must be at least a hundred dance and night clubs in London alone whose average nightly patrons cannot number less than a hundred a-piece, and whose individual expenditure is at least a pound. That is to say £10,000 a night or over three and a-half millions a year is spent in these places. This one year's expenditure would for all time provide an ample subsidy for music, opera, and the drama in London. Mr. Grieve, in his admirable pamphlet, "The Present Position of Scottish Music," has already alluded to this, as has also Sir Thomas Beecham. The cinemas are packed everywhere nightly, daily, hourly even, high-priced ones too. No good is done by ignoring the obvious—the public has the money to pay—and does for what it wants, but it does not want music. As Blanche Marchesi once remarked, "Les Anglais aiment assez la musique mais ils s'en passent fort bien." The charge against broadcasting will not bear scrutiny. The wireless maniac is as a rule simply a wireless maniac. He may be a music lover, but that is pure accident. If he is, wireless will not for him replace good concerts heard with his own ears. The ordinary wireless enthusiast is one who likes fiddling about with a mechanism. There, but for the grace of God (or in spite of it), goes a fretworker, an amateur cabinet maker. Moreover, the little of good music to be heard by way of the Hertzian wave is so minute compared with the flood of rubbish that no music lover could possibly be satisfied with it. "Faitcha," for whose kindly appreciation of my efforts towards a standard I take this opportunity of thanking him, well said that one wet Sunday, after cursing the rain, he picked up the headpieces "in desperation" . . .

### B.B.C. Concert. Albert Hall, March 17.

The first performance in England of "Le Roi David" of Honegger. A very typical specimen of the work turned out by the epigoni of Stravinsky—as textureless and incoherent as the worst works of their master with a crudity and clumsiness of workmanship that goes even beyond his. There is the same "stunning monotony of rhythm" (to quote a devout disciple) which in this case has not even the passing pathological interest it has in his, since with them it is a sort of malingering. Not that one proposes to flatter these people by thinking they are capable of anything better. But it was left to Mr. Holst to follow with the work compared with which the Honegger sounded almost like good music. The spectacle of people who, year after year, continue writing works of complete nullity is one that is quite terrifying. One wonders vainly how in the world they do it—prodigious quantities of nothing pouring out of what Madame Blavatsky might in her theosophical way have called holes in emptiness.

### Mrs. Violet Gordon Woodhouse.

That very great artist Violet Gordon Woodhouse, gave one of her much too infrequent public performances at the Grotian Hall, on Tuesday, the 29th. The work of this rare and exquisite artist has been known for many years to a small inner circle of music lovers and cognoscenti, and it is only compara-

tively recently that she has become known to a wider public of concert goers—and if demonstration were wanted that in her we have one of the greatest living masters of a keyboard instrument, it was given in all completeness at this recital. The superb elasticity and spring of her rhythms, the elegance and distinction of her phrasing, the magnificent crispness and precision of her technique, the delicate sense of timbre values, these things are not surpassed by any English-speaking musician whose medium of expression is a keyboard instrument. Her rallentandi are models of perfection, her quasi-rubato so perfectly balanced and rounded, so utterly free from exaggeration, that one is hardly conscious of its momentary relaxation of the rhythm. On the other hand there is in Mrs. Woodhouse's Bach-playing none of that metronomic woodenness that is supposed by some, entirely erroneously, to be the indispensable ingredient for playing this music. Nor does Mrs. Woodhouse attempt to "humanise" Bach after the manner of some of our inferior young women, who play him as though he were a Mendelssohn Song without words, or rather, it should be said, as if they thought he were. Her Italian Concerto and G minor Toccata were superbly great Bach playing, dignified, moving and expressive, and of a broad, sedate beauty, completely free from any pompous pedagogic didacticism or stiff-limbed collegiate pedantry. Equally beautiful was her playing of the C minor Fantasia of Mozart, a work which one has often detested when played upon the piano, but which she, upon its own instrument, made to sound perfect. The audience was inadequate numerically, but was obviously of the élite, and, to its honour, showed the liveliest appreciation of the magnificent art of which I was so privileged a hearer. I exhort, wheedle, and cajole all readers *bonae voluntatis* to take the very next opportunity of hearing this wonderful musician, even if it be only by means of the wireless; and to those who possess gramophones I commend all her records—there are about a dozen—in *His Master's Voice* catalogue, particularly the two Bach Fugues in E minor and D minor, and that record containing a wonderful detached Prelude in E flat by the same composer.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

## Art.

Mr. David Evans.

The "Prix de Rome" sculpture by Mr. David Evans, now on view at the Goupil Gallery, has for the most part all the excellence of traditional art, and at times is almost as dead as tradition. Allegorical representations of "Youth" and "The Sea," mean so little to the modern mind that it can be said of them only that they are well done in an academic style. When he comes to more modern subjects, "Labour," and "Road Menders," the style is the same. They have a beauty of their own which the artist has expressed without adding anything of his own soul. In "Road-Menders" there is, indeed, a suggestion of tragedy, but this too, inheres in the subject. Occasionally, as in the perfect "Madonna and Child," he achieves a more modern symmetry and beauty of line without sacrificing traditional excellence. In "Moses" and "Pilgrims," he attempts to capture something of the spirit of modern abstraction. The result only shows how useless it is to attempt expression in terms of a modernity with which one has no sympathy.

The Royal Water-Colour Society.

The first impression on entering the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is that of a cheap print shop. The expanse of walls is crowded with pictures in which the white mount is

the feature. This first impression is unjust. With few exceptions—the glaring monstrosity of Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan's "The Angelus" is the most notable—the paintings are well done, and, of course, in the best of taste. Good taste and slickness are the outstanding characteristics of an exhibition which has not much in the way of character. Occasionally, as in Mr. Harry Morley's "Autolycus" and "Fuore le Mura" (works in which craftsmanship is evident but not dominant) one gets glimpses of a clean reality, which is like a breath of fresh air. But this only serves to make clearer the fundamental difference between good art and good taste.

WILFRID HOPE.

## Reviews.

**Mary Was Love.** By Guy Fletcher. (Cassells. 7s. 6d.)

A good piece of work, with a fanciful but quite credible idea as the basis of a sound sentimental story. Beginning with an unhappy ending, Mr. Fletcher proceeds with careful and observant narrative to a climax of wedding bells for his sad-eyed hero and a heroine whose likeness to his lost Mary finally justifies the occasion. Mr. Fletcher, as an actor, was trained in the efficient school of Wyndham's. Sir Gerald du Maurier, his hero in real life, will be pleased to see him shaping with distinction in a new art which he practises so painstakingly and with such plain intention to excel.

**The Memoirs of Baron Wrangel.** (Benn. 15s.)

Baron Wrangel was twelve years old when the serfs were emancipated, and he lived to see the triumph of the Bolsheviks. He narrates the events of that momentous period in an easy and vigorous style which loses nothing in translation. His sketches of the men he knew—Rasputin, Witte, Skobelev—although of a "gossipy" nature, are none the worse for that. He makes no laboured attempt at analysis of cause and effect. But the mass of anecdote and reminiscence gives a sense of the inevitability of cataclysm more compelling than logic. The old system was rotten, as his short experience in the administrative service showed. Rulers and ruled alike had too much of the Obolomov temperament to make any attempt at reform. The only active people were a few "arrivistes" who were more concerned with their personal advancement than with the welfare of their country. Baron Wrangel sees the same (and worse) faults in the new régime. Here, however, we suspect that he is inspired by some personal grievance. The resistance the Bolsheviks offered to his own son is proof of their energy if nothing else.

**Euterpe: The Future of Art.** By Lionel McColvin. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.)

As we disagree on almost every count with Mr. McColvin, it is only fair to state his case. He begins with two postulates: that there are absolute standards in art, and that "good art" is a necessity. The use of mechanical means of reproduction has resulted in a tremendous diffusion of artistic appreciation. But qualitatively there has been little change, and that for the worse. The business man who deals in reproduced art must appeal to the artistically uneducated (the majority), in order to make his business pay. Consequently there is a constant lowering of popular taste. This tendency will eventually kill "good" art unless some drastic remedy is applied. He proposes two remedies: education, which will lead the masses to proper appreciation; and co-operation, which will free art from the necessity of showing a profit. Granted his premises, there is much to be said for Mr. McColvin's theories. We deny, however, his assumption that mechanical reproduction has not

improved the standard of artistic appreciation. At no time in the last hundred years have clothes, wall-papers, books (to take only a few examples of applied art), been more beautiful. Possibly Mr. McColvin would say that poster art is not art at all. When we come to his proposed remedies we are on firmer ground. Co-operation is an ideal suggestion. If people who are in a minority wish for something which the majority does not want, and join their forces to secure it, no one can complain. But, then, teaching people to see through the eyes of others, to hide their own feelings, and express only those which are approved nothing on earth can be more deadly. It does not matter whether it is in the region of art, politics, literature, it is vicious. It starts from a false assumption—that *we* are better than *you*—and ends in a false concealment of the true self. To hear that a thousand people a day were buying "No No Nanette" records would not inspire any great feeling of thankfulness. But a thousand times rather they should do that than buy Ravel Sonatas because they had been told to do so.

## A History of Social Life in Britain.

By "Old and Crusted."

Although the joint producers of a most interesting panorama\* of social life and manners through the ages assure us that it "is not a text-book in any academic sense," it is just the kind of stimulant for the young student who finds history, as it is taught, a dull affair of dates and dynasties. As the quotation from Macaulay, which prefaces Chap. I., has it:—

"Historians rarely descend to those details from which alone the real state of a community can be collected."

This story of a "hypothetical family of Britons" provides much pleasantly imparted information for the reader who has neither the time nor the inclination to consult original sources. This family whose varied fortunes are portrayed first appears on the stage in the person of one "Doli, of the Belgic Tribe," who was born B.C. 246 and died at Caer Gwent B.C. 200; and it continues in unbroken line until we arrive at the present representative, "Harold Francis Ponsonby Nidde." The authors have done well to devote considerable space to home life during the Roman occupation of Britain; for a higher standard in certain domestic arts and amenities was then attained, and, alas! finally lost, and was not completely recovered even in the "spacious days," when

"the early seventeenth-century home, despite its well-made carved oak furniture, rich embroideries, glazed windows, and panelled rooms, is still inferior to the home of thirteen hundred years earlier, for it is heated clumsily and wastefully by great open fireplaces and is without a bathroom."

As the scene shifts through the centuries we follow our ancestors in their daily life, see how they lived and died, what they wore, ate and drank, and how they passed the lighter hours in the intervals of fighting and money-making. The "Doli" family, or, rather, their later descendants, the Nidds of Nidderdale, prove themselves to be notable getters of gear—which is not surprising considering the district they hail from—also they seem to have been no mean performers in the art of doing themselves well (another North Country characteristic), as witnesseth the recipe for "a leg of lamb marinated," served at a wedding feast at Kettleing Hall, the family seat.

[It] "consists of small pieces of meat strewn with a seasoning mixture of eschalots, anchovies, cloves, mace, and nutmeg, stewed slowly with white wine, then half-fried, then dipped in yolks of eggs and fried brown in butter, and served with a sauce of its own liquor and sweetbreads and forcemeat balls fried in eggs, the whole dish being garnished with lemon."

All this, and much more, is washed down with good liquor "from the capacious cellars which the Nidds have always

\* "Home Life in History: Social Life and Manners in Britain, 200 B.C.-A.D. 1926." By John Gloag and C. Thompson Walker. Illustrated by A. B. Read, A.R.C.A. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.)

stocked with the best wines the merchants of York could supply."

It is a fascinating story, full of incident and colour, with a crescendo of melioration until we reach the nineteenth century, with its "progress of a very material and spectacular order," when

"it was nobody's business to make social adjustments smooth. . . . A new sort of home was coming into existence, and a vile travesty of a home it was—the brick box of the early nineteenth century industrial slum. If we placed side by side the domed hut of an ancient Briton, the wattle and mud hovel of a mediæval cottar, and the dwelling of a factory worker in the early days of mechanical production, there would be but little to choose between them."

No wonder this chapter is headed "An Age of Misfits." Still, whatever may happen to the common herd the Nidde family, now adorned with a terminal E, goes on prospering and culminates in a certain Sir Arthur Ponsonby Nidde, who

"was an excellent man of business, and was a sound individualist until the 1914-1918 war upset his sense of security to such an extent that he never really recovered, dying in 1925 of cancer, accelerated by the mental instability produced by economic conditions beyond his understanding."

But the book, like all good romances, has a happy ending:—

"We must content ourselves by asking whether the home life of every class to-day is not immeasurably advanced in comfort, health, and the happiness derived from freedom of opportunity."

Well—yes—perhaps. But civilisations have a way of petering out—and is it quite certain that the immediate descendants of the Nidde family may not experience a similar fate to that which overtook their ancestors *circa* A.D. 450?

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE STABILISATION OF UNDER-CONSUMPTION.

Sir,—It is not always that one is able to check one's inferences as to the aims of the Invisible Government as readily as one would like. The *Times* of yesterday for a moment bursts into clarity. Discussing the prosperity of a German bank, this clean-cut gem radiates upon our darkness:—

"As in this country, the main problem in (post-war) Germany was to adapt a productive capacity, greatly enlarged during the war and the inflation period, to a demand which had been reduced to a minimum."

Now we know not only where we are, but where they are. This kindly omniscient overlord of all Governments of Europe has set itself to limit production. It cannot be that the opposite proposition had not occurred to it—to seek to bring demand up to the enhanced productive capacity—but such an alternative, with all its benedictions upon the poor, the unemployed, and the thousands of broken-down ex-soldiers, now to our disgrace ekeing out a miserable disablement allowance by hawking writing pads, which nobody wants, from door to door, from village to village—the beneficent and just alternative must have been deliberately considered and set aside. So we thrust back the proffers of a benevolent universe, "Not wanted," and then preach that the world is poorer through the war, and therefore squalor and want must be borne with martyr submission!

Little wonder that Mr. J. H. Oldham, addressing the Dominions and Colonies Section of the Royal Society of Arts on Wednesday (the 30th ult.) found occasion to confess "The fundamental difficulty (in the education of the African native) lay in the fact that *Western Civilisation* was at the present day without any generally or even widely accepted philosophy regarding the ultimate meaning and purpose of life." (*Times*, March 31.)

P. JACKSON.

### "COAL: A CHALLENGE."

Sir,—Your criticism of "Coal: a Challenge," seems to lack insight into the real intention which inspired the authors. This book is not an exposition of Social Credit, nor, clearly, is it intended to be one. What is of importance is that it is written by those who are obviously permeated with the truth which only a knowledge of the New Economics can inspire, and who consequently possess a solution to the tragic conditions of the present world. This makes their analysis and criticism infinitely more vital and constructive than anything which can be offered by those who have no such solution. Surely, then, this contribution can be nothing but a real help. It will encourage a positive

attitude in those whose thoughts are now despairing and disconnected. These readers need preparing for a new world; they need to be stimulated out of their inertia into taking a more active part in the solution of the problem which confronts us all. Now, in this volume the vital issues of the day are raised in such a way as to inspire faith in man's power to transform circumstances and, what is more, to change the social atmosphere in which he lives. In such a changed atmosphere Social Credit would become natural and inevitable, instead of seeming strange and unnatural, as it does to the general consciousness of to-day. As a contribution to that re-awakening, "Coal: a Challenge," should be welcome to everyone who would make the socialisation of credit the national goal.

ÆQUITAS.

### Answers to Correspondents.

#### LABOUR-SAVING AND EMPLOYMENT.

R. A.—With regard to labour-saving machines providing more work, of course you mean that more work is provided *outside* the industry where the labour-saving development takes place. But when we say that labour-saving devices do not provide more, but less, work, we are laying down a general proposition which must be considered on the hypothesis that there is *no outside area of activity*—in other words, that in *world industry* considered as a whole (a world trust under a single credit-régime) labour-saving devices *must reduce the necessity* for human labour *relatively to output*. Then you must consider whether output will increase, seeing that every worker dispensed with loses his income and ceases to be a buyer.

You can answer that, in experience, labour-saving has been generally followed by wider employment. That is true. But it is not the same thing as proving that that wider employment was a *necessary consequence*.

The wider employment occurred because (1) population grew, and demanded to be supplied with subsistence, while (2) the policy of the rulers of the existing economic system has been to make *human work* the *sole condition* on which the individual may normally have this subsistence. Therefore there has been an artificial multiplication of "jobs"—a large and growing proportion of which are redundant. For instance, America alone could to-day supply a substantial proportion of the world's needs. You will be aware, too, that the tendency of the present day is for fewer and fewer people to be engaged in *production*, and more and more to create jobs for themselves *outside*—intercepting profits between the factory and the consumer.

To sum up. Labour-saving inventions have enabled industry to hire and feed a huge army of people whose services are economically unnecessary. The War proved that. Britain turned out more production when five million men were sent abroad to fight than she has done since they came back. America's war deliveries to Britain were large, but they were exceeded by Britain's deliveries to France, Italy, and Russia, etc. On balance Britain more than held her own.

Of course, if you postulate a number of independent nations competing for orders, then we grant that the nation which "saved" most labour would eventually require most, for the reason that it could cut costs and *get other nations' trade*. But even so, this process would end when that nation had got all the others' trade; and at that point there would commence a decline in employment. (Of course, this end would never happen: war would break out in the meantime.)

The situation must be viewed comprehensively. If some new invention enabled the world's production to take place at increasing speed without any human effort at all, this would enable industry to provide everybody with subsistence. But the provision of *jobs* as a pre-requisite condition would then be an absurdity. Any law exacting human service would clearly not be economic, but "moral"—i.e., "people 'ought' to work, whether this work is required or not." Here we come upon the fundamental error of economic policy: it tries, on moral grounds, to make people perform tasks which applied science has *potentially* rendered economically superfluous.

This potential abolition of human service will become manifest as soon as the Social-Credit principle of consumer-credits gives to private individuals an income—a call on production—*over and above their earnings*, and, in course of time, relieves a large number of them of the necessity to work at all. In the meantime industry dare not dispense with redundant labour, for fear of revolution. This is the explanation of the *apparent* causation of increased employment by labour-saving.

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